The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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INWARD LIFE.

Alas the outer emptiness!
What life has it to give?
Oh, shall it God's own fire oppress?
Soul, will thou slightly live?

Some joy of thine own seeking win;
To thine own strength repair;
Breathe, breathe, the awful life within—
Feel all the glory there.

Thyself amid the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright One near,
Thyself alone with him.

The silence throngèd gloriously
With business how divine!
God's glory passing into thee—
All heaven becoming thine.

The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing;
The mingling with Almightiness,
The dwelling by life's spring.

Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch,
Soul, be but inly bright!
All outer things must smile, must catch
The strong, transcendent light.
Near thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine;
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified,
Is not all glory thine?

—*T. H. Gill.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Hallowed be thy name!"—that is, "Hallowed be thy character!" And what we know of that character, what we think of it, we have gained from our fellow-men, in whom their Father has acted and thought and loved since the beginning. . . . The thoughts and words of those men who have earned the love and honor of the human race have made known to us how God thinks and how he speaks; and from the whole of this vast experience of love and justice, truth and holiness, pity and power disclosed to us by man, the divine within us always moving outward into human act, we have built up the character of God.

Men say: "We know nothing really about him whom you call God. He may be only the creation of our own minds." And that is true. We have no demonstrated evidence, and the assertion that God is cannot be proved. But it must be remembered that the negative can be just as little proved as the positive. The proof of the one or the other cannot be given in this world. If reasoning alone is appealed to, we have to say we cannot know. Then the question comes, on which theory are the problems of our existence best and most clearly solved, on the theory that there is no Being of love and truth, infinitely perfect, but only an imaginary personage built out of our own desires, or on the theory that there is One beyond us, the Fountain of us and of the universe, and that he himself has through us built up the idea of his character in our thought?

Still, though much may be done in that way to make it probable that God is, it does not amount to demonstration. It is then that faith steps in. I cannot prove the positive: I cannot prove the negative. . . . But I will believe that what man has made God to be, or, rather, what the best

of men have said that God ought to be, he is, and that this idea of him has not been made only out of the thought or the desires of man, but out of God's own thought and God's love working in me and in the human race from the beginning. He is; and he is my Father,—perfect Love, infinite Goodness, absolute Truth. . . . Hallowed be thy character, my Father and my God!

And how shall I hallow it, how be true to my prayer? There are a thousand answers, but those I shall give belong to the common life of man.

The first and most proper way to hallow a character is to be that character as nearly as we can. What we believe God is, that we shall become. We have conceived, for example, what perfect justice is; and that is an ideal which we would better make real if we are to pray with a clear conscience, "Hallowed be thy name!"

There is no attribute of God of which we take less notice than justice; for probably there is nothing which interferes more seriously with our worldly wealth, position, business, and amusement than any attempt to be equal to the highest standard of justice. This attempt means to get rid of all prejudice in our personal judgments, to get rid of the common maxims of society both of morals and in morals, to see things that are called good or sinful just as we may suppose God sees them, to judge of wrong not according to courts of law, but seeing through the eyes of God. It is in party strife to give full credit to an opponent, in home life not to let hot temper, jealousy, human love, weakness, or sloth lead you into acts which favor or blame unduly the members of the household. It is in business life to take no undue advantage, not to build your prosperity on the misfortune of another, not to use things not your own for any purpose whatever, not to keep those who work for you at unjust wages,—unjust not according to supply and demand, but according to the demand of God's justice in you,—and on the workman's part, to give honest work, just to what your thought believes to be good. It is the temper of justice in all things that we want in every work, in every motive, in the work of the intellect, in the evolution of the spirit life which we live alone and in secret with God. . . .

What has been said of the hallowing of justice by the being just in life, and at every point in life, is said to be also and with the same severity of doing and motive of all the other qualities which we conceive in the character of God, of truth, of pity, of righteousness, of doing kindness. The proper way to hallow them is to be their image. It is a tremendous indictment of our daily life to recognize that this is true: it is a tremendous call upon us to ask us to fulfil it. It leaves no moment of the day, no shred of our work, no motive of the heart, no act or speech at home or abroad, without its aspiration, without its check. But the loveliness and the glory to the thing to be attained ought to enable us to face the indictment and to obey with happiness the call. If we are true to the ideal held in "Hallowed be thy name," we finally become that which we hallow: we become at one with God, his character our character, his life and rapture ours. . . .

Hallow God's character in man. Hallow him in all the truth which men of science have taught us, and hallow God in them. Hallow him in all the beauty which the artists of the world have created for us, and hallow the Divine Life in them. Hallow him in all the noble work of law and government and progress which men have wrought out for man, and hallow God in the men. History, art, and science will not be less noble, but more noble, when you link them to an everlasting character, in whom all the work and all the men are everlasting.

Hallow his character in all those who have blessed and redeemed the world by love and holiness, in the great prophets, in the saints and martyrs, in the thousand thousand unknown, whose gentle love has been a garden of flowers where the troubled have found comfort. . . .

And, if you see them as the revealers of God, as charged with his character, you will be saved from the base and carping criticism which prefers to dwell on their mistakes and failures,—is pleased by discovery of the evil. It is never useful to manifest the evil and the failure: it is always useful to manifest their opposite. Goodness, being manifested, enchants and allures and at the same time makes clear the evil; and, in the light of the goodness you make manifest, the evil dies. . . . Not only in the good hallow God's character, hallow it also in the evil. In them the divine lies hidden. Below their evil the powers of love and truth, of justice and goodness are in abeyance. . . . This is no condoning of evil, no hiding of it. The evil, when the good is called forth, is seen for the first time in all its ugliness, and the doer of evil for the first time turns from it with abhorrence.

When this hallowing of God's character in our own inner life, in nature, and in the

men of our time, has become the habit of the soul, we see him in all the history of humanity, and hallow, reverence, love, and rejoice in the whole evolution of the divine in the human past, behold it unfolding in the present, and prophesy its expansion in the future, until, borne on the joy of faith, we see at last the complete humanity, the perfect man united forever to the absolute Divinity, and hear the innumerable host crying from eternity to eternity, in awe and love and rapture, "Hallowed be thy name!"—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"HE WHO ASKS, RECEIVES."

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through,
Till with prayer his heart was tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said: "Call louder, child of pain!
See if Allah ever hear, or answer, 'Here am I' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says: "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I';
And I thought, God will not pity, will not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise, Elias, go,—
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe.

"'Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That his prayer, "Come, gracious Allah," is my answer, "Here am I."'

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"

—*James Freeman Clarke, Translation, through the German of Tholuck from the Persian.*

Action and reaction are equal in our life. "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." Arise and go to your Father and your Father comes to you.

It is by coming to God every day and trusting in him, leaning on his help, believing in his providence, conversing with him in throbs and aspirations of prayer, that we come at last to be as certain of God's presence and love as of our own existence.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

This prayer keeps God daily before us as "Our Father," teaches us to hallow his name in speech and work and to bring the kingdom of God here and now. The forgiving love of God we nightly pray for shall remind us that the forgiveness we receive is not ours to hold, but to pass on to our brother man, even till seventy times seven. Prayer is the key to hidden riches and strength which no other key will unlock. What would tempted ones do without it? The spirit of our own prayer will bring of itself deliverance from the power of evil. The Christian prays a perpetual prayer, not only on knees, but with unwearied feet, tireless hands, sweet smile. No life of nobleness was ever lived without some personal knowledge of the presence chamber of the Great All-Father. Let us live in the spirit of this prayer. It contains a depth of wisdom that still feeds the world's best thought.—*W. P. Tilden, "Leaflets for Lent."*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club, to be printed here.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "A Ten Years' War," Jacob Riis; "Back Log Stud-

ies," C. D. Warner; "Nineteenth Century Questions," James Freeman Clarke; "The Shuttle," F. H. Burnett; "Treasure Island," "Poems and Ballads," Stevenson; "Miss Toosey's Mission"; "A Book of Old English Ballads"; "American Literature, 1607 to 1885"; "Thoughts about Art," Hamerton; "A History of Rome," Leighton; "The United States," Goldwin Smith; "Christie Johnstone," Charles Reade; "The Lady of the Decoration"; "William Cullen Bryant," J. Bigelow; "The Dawn of a To-morrow"; "Good-by, Proud World"; Mill's "Logic"; Hamilton's "Lectures on Metaphysics"; "Unleavened Bread," R. Grant; "The Perfect Tribute"; "The Last Tournament," Tennyson; "The Mystery of Pain," Hinton; "Prue and I," George William Curtis; "David Harum"; "Hebrew Men and Times," J. H. Allen; "German Bible"; *Southern Workman* for 1909.

Miss L. A. Decker, 4 Mount Vernon Street, Salem, Mass., offers the Boston *Cooking School Magazine* (one year) and some sheet music, both vocal and instrumental.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I would be very glad to get *Our Dumb Animals* or *Our Four-footed Friends* for my little boy, eleven years old, also any good literature for my sisters and myself. Mrs. H. M. Jackson, R. F. D. No. 4, Whitakers, North Carolina.

2. Mrs. Elva Robinson, Marion, Virginia, a widow with one son, sixteen years old, both fond of reading, asks for any good reading. There are others around her to whom she will gladly pass anything sent her.

3. Mrs. William Neilson, Midas, Elks County, Nevada, will be grateful for suitable books to be used in forming a library for a mining camp.

4. The loss by fire of the public library at Wellfleet, Mass., is keenly felt. Mr. E. I. Nye, of Wellfleet, will be very grateful for any books sent. A new building has been secured, and the library will soon reopen.

5. Cameron Schneider, Seneca, Michigan, a shut-in boy of sixteen years, will be glad to receive any good story books.

6. B. C. Towle, Monroe, Maine, asks for "On the Mountain Top" and the "Young Ditch Rider."

7. Jettie Gibson, Delve, Newton County, Arkansas, will be glad of any magazines.

8. Rev. W. R. Chapman, Stuart, Virginia, asks for any good histories. He especially desires Grote's "History of Greece," Green's "History of England," and any good history of France and of the United States.

9. Mrs. Susan Rice, Highlands, North Carolina, asks for any of the following books to use in her school work: Longfellow's "Poems"; "Literary Masterpieces," Tennyson; "Rip Van Winkle"; "Selections from American Literature"; "Discoveries and Explorations," Shaw; "Gods and Heroes," Francillon; "Bible Stories of the Old Testament," Moulton; "History of the Thirteen Colonies"; "Stories from English History"; "Little People and Big People," Shaw.

10. Will you kindly print in the *Cheerful Letter* my change of address from Parkville to Three Rivers, Michigan, and also my request for current numbers of *Saturday Evening Post, Everybody's,* and *Collier's?* My daughter wants "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We will pass them on, as we always have done. We thank you for the little *Cheerful Letter.* If any one has an advanced work on "Biology," I would greatly enjoy it,—not a schoolbook, but a mature work. That has always been my favorite study. My health is poor, and I have to work very hard for a living, and have no money left to buy books. I shall be very grateful to you and will try to extend the favor. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan.

11. George Price, King's Creek, North Carolina, asks for Intermediate Arithmetic and an advanced United States History, and will appreciate any reading matter.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE: A FACTOR IN TEACHING.

I have never been a Sunday-school teacher, but I have been a Sunday-school scholar, and it is my vivid recollection of those early days, and the profound influence they have had on all my subsequent life, that has suggested to me the line of thought taken in this paper.

My parents, who were both well advanced in years when I was born, were staunch mem-

bers of the evangelical section of the Church of England, and in that church and its doctrines I was carefully nurtured. I cannot remember a time when I did not say my prayers nightly at my mother's knee or hear her "Good night; God bless you," as I lay down to sleep. I was taken to church every Sunday by my father and went regularly to Sunday-school as a matter of course. My mother told me all the simple Bible stories, and I was familiar with the Church Catechism and with all the doctrines and precepts thereof. Yet I do not remember that it ever occurred to me that these matters had anything to do with me personally. I accepted them as matters of history and the established order of things. I never doubted them, but they did not affect me in the least.

THE STORIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT,

and the gracious figure of the Christ was, to me, so far as my personal feeling was concerned, on a level with the story of Alfred and the cakes. And then, within the space of perhaps three months, when I was about ten or eleven years old, the whole outlook on life was changed for me. I was put into the class of a young and enthusiastic teacher. She was about eighteen years old at the time, though to me she seemed quite "grown up" and a perfect encyclopædia of knowledge. She was full of that religious enthusiasm with which we meet so often in the ranks of the Wesleyans and the evangelical wing of the English Church,—not noisy, vulgar, ostentatious, or in the least degree canting, but a joyous, whole-hearted loyalty and passion of service to the person of Jesus Christ. Under her teaching the whole question of religion took on a different aspect. She spoke of it as the most important thing in life,—the thing which made life worth living for her. She talked of Christ as living and real, feeling and thinking and sorrowing and rejoicing in the most intimate details of our everyday life. I cannot remember that she ever spoke of hell or punishment or the anger of God, though she said much about sin and the heavy burden it brought to the loving heart of the Lord. That was her whole message,—the unspeakable love of Christ, personal love, individual love, given from all eternity to each one of his little ones, and claiming in return their love and earnest service. Whatever the lesson for the day happened to be,—were it Jacob or Jonah or Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin,—somehow or other it all came to mean the same in the end.

AND THE RESULT?

To one little maiden, at least, there was a new heaven and a new earth. Not a "conversion." Oh, no! Only the dawning of a glad surprise, the finding of a wonderful, glorious Friend, the glad surrender of a rather lonely little life to One who loved and understood. I cannot measure the influence which this "revelation" had upon me and has had upon me ever since. During my childhood and up to the age of seventeen or eighteen years, it gave me a most powerful moral incentive, a never-failing source of comfort, help, and strength in all my times of difficulty and sorrow, which were many, and a definite purpose which lifted life out of the common round to the level of eternal realities.

What I want to emphasize now is this fact, that my whole spiritual life was profoundly and most blessedly influenced, not by the facts which this lady taught me,—I had heard them and believed them all my life,—but by her living presentation of them, her personal revelation of their power in her own life, and her evidently sincere desire that they should be as real to her pupils as they were to herself. The more I know of teaching and the longer I teach, the more forcibly is it borne in upon me that the matter taught is of secondary importance, and that the determining factor which decides whether or no the child shall learn well the subject he is taught is the personality.—*Mrs. F. Mawson.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.

Of the power of man to tame any "beasts of prey," "wild beasts," or whatever else man may call them, however ferocious in their own glorious state of wild and savage freedom, as God made them and designed them to be, I have no doubt. Experience has proved to me that man may not only seek the wild beasts in their own native haunts with perfect safety if he be prudent, without rashness, and avoid injuring *them* or any of *their* species, but they will, under certain circumstances, seek *him* and *his aid*, which they seem to know is more effective than any to be obtained from their own race. I think also that the natural history of some of the superior animals is not written, that some species are imperfectly known, that some varieties have not been noticed, and that the adventure I am about to relate will illustrate all these positions,—*i.e.*, that

the wildest of animals, in their wildest state, may be tamed by man; that they will voluntarily *seek him and his aid;* and that there may be varieties of wild animals as yet not described by any natural historian of any age or country.

I had reached what are called the "Black Lakes" of "Bechuan" late one day, just as the sun was redly descending, leaving the skies in a lurid glare and a blood-like aspect. In Africa there is no gloaming or twilight. From daylight to night is but a step. It was time I selected my resting-place for the night, and for various reasons I made choice of a tree on the margin of the upper or eastern lake. Upon the surface of the black water I saw a young and fat hippopotamus. The poor fellow was harmlessly amusing himself. I knew he would not hurt me, and I would not hurt him. I was thinking more of saurians than such as he, for I knew how stealthily they glide up a bank to introduce themselves to a stranger, and was prepared to repay their attentions by giving a steel bolt to any that came,—lead is too soft for their hides. While giving a catlike glance all around me, I heard a splash in the ink-like liquid, which passes for water in these lakes, and, looking around, I perceived the largest rhinoceros I had ever seen, either in India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Borneo, Africa, or anywhere else, amusing himself by poking the fat hippopotamus with his broad snout in the ribs, or, rather, the armor-plate of fat which defended them, making him spin round on his own axis in the water or after the fashion of a grindstone. The poor "hippo" squeaked at every poke. He did not approve of such liberties, but the rhinoceros did, and "might" in such cases "is right." Disgusted with the freedoms to which he was subjected, the ball of fat ejected all the air from his lungs, and dived, leaving the leviathan master of the situation, but no longer master of him. The giant then saw me and appeared struck with wonder. He had never seen such a creature before. What was it? Where did it come from? I was certain he had never beheld man; for, if he had, he would have either turned from me or rushed upon me to gore me with the huge horn that stood upon his face. Man is a destroyer. Such a noble beast would be a prize. If ever man had seen him, he would have left one or two impressions upon his memory,—intense fear or deep hatred,—but this animal only evinced surprise.

The solitude was so profound that I would have talked to a dead pig; and, "for talking's sake," I said, after he had done trumpeting,—for he sent forth a blast of triumph and a challenge to all the world, as it seemed to me,—"You seem to be on very good terms with yourself, old fellow; but it is not much to boast of. You are bigger than he is, and, what there is of him, being only fat, is against his fighting, besides, you took him by surprise and at a disadvantage; but, no doubt, the rules of your prize-ring differ from ours."

I fancied I might say this safely,—he could not understand me, and would not take offence,—though I knew all his tribe are held to be ungovernably savage if approached by man too closely; but they usually do not go out of their way to attack men. My new friend stood very square upon his legs in the shallow water near the edge of the lake, about twenty yards from me,—perhaps not so much. He had gradually neared the shore after the hippopotamus had gone below. He was now curiously "taking stock" of me. Of all the ordinary creatures of the rhinoceros tribe I never saw one that manifested any curiosity before. They are sluggish and swinish in their habits. When suddenly disturbed as they wallow in their mire, they become, like the wild boar, madly savage.

But this was clearly not an ordinary rhinoceros. I had heard from a Kaffir hunter that the animal commonly known as the rhinoceros was a very inferior creature compared with another breed of the same animal in the far interior, and now I had, for the first time, proof of the fact, which I had hitherto doubted, under the belief that, if such a superior variety existed, it must be known to naturalists. I could, however, doubt no longer. The Kaffir had said they were retiring animals, especially avoiding the smaller rhinoceros, which they hated and destroyed,—so far as he had seen or been able to judge; but they were so shy, and he so engaged in his hunting operations to maintain life, that he could not devote time to observe the creature. He only knew they were much more handsome and superior in size to the "mud pigs," meaning the common rhinoceros. The creature I beheld was all this,—no more like the swinish breed found in marshes, wallowing in black mud,—in which they delight,—than the thoroughbred race-horse is like the rough-coated mountain pony. Indeed, the animal before me seemed to be in his relations to the heavy, piggish, and stupid rhinoceros, such as is exhibited so rarely in Europe, what the fleet and intelligent "Hierie" of the desert is to the common pack-camel or the thoroughbred horse to the cart-horse. That he was larger and

altogether superior to his neighbors I saw. Was he equally more savage? He might not wait to be irritated or attacked, and his horn—in all of his kind a formidable weapon—was at least from eight to nine inches longer than any I had previously seen. He still gazed at me and I at him. As I could judge, he had not "made up his mind" what to do.

I had quite made up my mind what to do if he meant fighting, but I would not provoke him. "Peace or war, old fellow?" said I, to break the silence. He stood very square on his thick legs, like a massive billiard-table,—firm, broad, sturdy,—not moving an inch. I saw the whites of his eyes, his great tusks and broad teeth, fit to tear up and rend a tree, his white horn ready to rip open a hundred elephants if they stood before him. The moon was then well up for the night's business or pleasure, and I could see distinctly any movement of his frame or face. I gave an occasional look around for saurians and other pleasant members of African society; for they were sly enemies, more to be feared than the open foe before me, if, indeed, he were a foe, of which I could not be certain. There was a dull splash. My new acquaintance had moved one of the solid pillars that he called legs, I presumed. Slowly and deliberately he moved the other. Then again he paused, gazing earnestly as before. I did not understand his looks or meaning. Did he intend to bowl me over, as he had done the hippopotamus? "Better not, old fellow," I said, laughing. "If you try, I will put a steel bolt in your head. Be civil if you regard your health." The words were no sooner said than he made a very peculiar noise and took another step. I did not think it exactly a step in the right direction, for it was towards me; but the sounds that preceded it were not indicative of savageness. They were harsh, but decidedly not angry. I would not determine rashly. He might not intend mischief. I would not harm the noble beast if I could avoid it.

"Discretion," I remembered, "is the better part of valor." I do not think I have much of either, but what little I have of the first I will use. I went to a tree, tied my chaplet of *fraxinus* leaves round its trunk to prevent snakes from ascending, struck a light, kindled one of my torches, and was up to the lowest branch before the rhinoceros had stepped ashore. I saw it would be about seven feet above him if he stood beneath it. Had it been lower, I could not have trusted to it; for the rhinoceros raises itself to hook its horns on all branches it can reach, to break them down for food in the seasons when other food is scarce. I could have a joke with him now and watch his movements. On he came, trudging and stumping, slowly, but earnestly, uttering sounds which I read as I would the whines of a dog that wanted to reach its master. Not that they resembled the canine whinings, but the mode in which they escaped him impressed me with that belief so strongly that no consideration could have induced me to hurt the animal, and I laid my roer on a forked branch as a weapon for which I had no present use. I was satisfied that peace was between us, then and forever. It may be thought a premature conclusion, rashly jumped at; but I never felt more confident, and I set aside all Kaffir stories of the vengeful character of the beast.

If a billiard-table could walk, it must be in the style of that rhinoceros at that time. I thought he must be lame and stiff. "Take a seat, old fellow!" I said, for the sake of saying something. "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, unless it be what men call you,—'Rhinoceros.' If so, I like the first part of it vastly. I never had sufficient 'rhino' to give me a surfeit of it. I thought a little while since I might have a surfeit of you or you of me, but that is as you please. We are friends, if you like; if not, so. What do you say?"

It was odd; but, while I chattered this farrago of nonsense, the animal seemed quite content, and grunted or chuckled those sounds which palpably indicated satisfaction; but the moment my voice ceased to be heard, he seemed impatient. I went on: "Now, I am going to make an ascent to hunt for snakes, and, if I find any, to whip them with this *fraxinus* or *ornus*. I am not quite sure which it is, properly. I am not so well up in botany as I might be. You grunt, or, rather, chuckle. Well, you may be better up in it than I am: it is more in your way as a vegetarian. But here goes to make a second edition of Saint Patrick of myself, bound in calf, you will say. You chuckle at that, too. The notion is so apt, you think. Well, keep a lookout below. I won't be long, and I have some fine biscuits to offer you when I come down. Don't go. I am fond of good society, but hunt the snakes I must. I saw a man die from the bite of a cobra, and I have a horror of the reptiles."

I searched the tree well, but found nothing obnoxious. I was rather intent upon my task, and was silent, which made my new friend uneasy. A rapid succession of long grunts assured me that his peace was

disturbed. So far as I could read the natural language of an animal, so new to me in close contact, he wanted something. If I spoke jestingly, he seemed more at ease. Once I said: "Are you expecting a lady and unhappy because she is not come? Perhaps her mamma will not permit her to go out, or you may have a rival. Such things are elsewhere. Your females may have their flirtations. *Quien sabe?* Oh, you chuckle at that. You know Spanish as well as the other languages, quite. Well, I like to meet a scholar and a gentleman; and to meet one *here* is a pleasure, all the greater from being unexpected." This or any other nonsense I talked, strangely enough, seemed to please the huge beast. He evinced his contentment in a lively succession of gutterals; but, if I ceased for a minute, he grunted and impatiently stamped with one of his forefeet till the earth vibrated, his face turned upwards, revealing the whole front of his horn. Presently I got down. As I descended, my friend's satisfaction was great. I went down to offer him some biscuit. The attention seemed to please him mightily,—not so much, I thought, for the sake of the bread, as having me near him. As I offered the frangipane, he rubbed his nose against my hand many times, till I put it inside his thick lips, when he crunched it in a style that would have touched the heart of a toothless sailor. I ate more slowly. He got three shares out of four. I went up for more and to take coffee, for I was thirsty; but his impatience drew me down very soon. I gave him the best half of three biscuits,—a small supply for such a garrison as his interior; but my stock was getting low, and he really seemed indifferent to them. He might have thought them dry and insipid, but all his desire appeared to be to have me near him or to hear my voice talking nonsense. Finding that to say something, however absurd, was needful to his peace, I thought of "killing two birds with one stone," and that, as I had given him folly enough, he should have something better. I took a book from my knapsack, and read aloud, giving any dialogue in a conversational tone; and I can assure Mr. Charles Dickens, or whom else it may or may not concern, that "Pickwick" never met with a more attentive or apparently gratified listener than in "Captain Rhino," as I called my friend. No vulgar demonstrations, no clapping of hands, marked his delight; but for quietly polite attention and gratification I would back my select audience against any that ever graced the author's own "Readings," which I have never been able to have the pleasure of hearing, to my great regret. Of course he was badly represented on that occasion, but the rhinoceros did not think so. He had never heard the original, and was grateful for what the gods sent him, without a desire to be critical.—*Temple Bar.*

PRAYER.

If the tendency of our age is to contemplate the Deity rather in the regularity of his laws than in the free movement of his love, what remains for us to do? Shall we *resist* this tendency, and, to secure the advantages which come from prayer, renounce the light of our own time and culture, and turn backward to the ideas of the past? Not this; for this is to war against the providence of God and to renounce those blessings which he intends the world to reap from the study of his thoughts as they are unfolded in the vast order of the universe. Shall we then *submit* to this tendency without a struggle, and consider it necessary that, in order to meet God without, we must renounce his society within? Not so, for all human progress consists in carrying on with us in every new advance the whole acquisition of the past. Whenever we drop anything by the way, we must, sooner or later, stop and return to recover it. It only remains, then, to gain that higher platform where Science and Faith may be united and the knowledge of Divine Law harmonized with convictions of the Divine Love. It is not necessary that these should be separated. They have been from the first united in individuals; and the tendency of all Christian progress is a prophecy that they shall be hereafter united in communities, in churches, and, at last, in universal Christian experience. The grandeur of Christ's character consists in its being the highest harmony of all antagonist elements ever attained by man; that is, that in him dwelt the fulness of the God-head bodily. In him this fulness was entire, making a perfect harmony,—a harmony which, from its very perfection, prevents our recognizing the distinct tones of which it is composed. Less perfect characters, whom we yet admire for the fulness and royal balance of their virtues, show their greatness by passing from one virtue into its opposite. One act of life shows courage; another, prudence. One utterance expresses their deep sense of the value of truth; another, the largeness of their human sympathy. From moods of noble pride they pass into states of tender humility. They give one hour to devout

worship of God; the next, to earnest labor for the good of man. Thus we see in the alternations of their life faith, matched with works, zeal with charity, piety with humanity, moods of contemplation with hours of action; and we feel that in this large experience they have developed their whole nature and done justice to all sides of life. But the peculiarity of Jesus was that he carried this fulness into every act. His zeal was wisdom; his truth, love; his self-respect, humility; his courage, caution; his piety, humanity; and therefore it is more difficult to distinguish these different traits than in a nature less truly harmonious. So we can distinguish the separate colors only in the sunbeam broken in the spectrum, and not in the white, undivided solar ray. Yet one may notice in Jesus that he always saw in God both Law and Love. His teaching, indeed, nowhere assumes the form of science; and it was no part of his purpose to announce the laws of the physical universe. But in his whole teaching, if we regard it closely, we shall find him making a statement of the spiritual and moral laws of human nature, human life, and human destiny. It has been usual to regard many passages of this sort as promises or threatenings; but they are, in fact, simple statements of the everlasting laws of God's moral universe, laws which are rooted in the very nature of God himself. Thus, in the Sermon on the Mount, what are the Beatitudes but statements of these divine laws? When he says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," he is not *promising blessings* with which he intends to reward his followers, but rather announcing facts which are eternally true. So again, when he says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," he states a law, the working of which we may see every day in the lives of those who, because they devote themselves altogether to the good of others, find multitudes in return ready to take care of them and of their necessities. So when he says, "He that humbles himself shall be exalted," "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given," "Give, and it shall be given unto you," "Nothing is secret that shall not be manifest," "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed," "Many are called, but few chosen," "He that is faithful in the least, is faithful in much," "No man can serve two masters," "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life," and the like, he is stating not special, partial, or temporary facts, but everlasting laws of universal application. These depend not on the will of Christ nor even on the *will* of God, but belong to God's most essential nature. Thus we see that Jesus recognized fully, and revealed plainly, God as Law; but, on the other hand, it was his special work to see and manifest God as a free movement of Love. Never were the laws of God's holy nature revealed in the same *degree* as they were by Jesus; but his revelation of the divine grace was one not only new in its degree, but peculiar in its *kind*. Jesus saw in God not only perfect law, but perfect freedom,—freedom, not acting against law, not suspending or nullifying law, but manifesting itself in a co-ordinate series of events and divine acts, which, because they originate thus, are strictly miraculous or supernatural. Of these divine acts of freedom, the coming of Jesus himself was the chief; for Jesus was not a result of human development, but the coming of a new life from above into the race. Humanity did not develop itself into Jesus, but the love of God came into the world to meet man's needs in the hour of his birth. All other miracles of the New Testament are secondary to this. They are the natural consequence of the supernatural event; and, because Jesus himself fully recognized this fact, he stood always in that filial relation to the Deity which made him the Son of God. Because this conviction expressed itself continually in his life and words, he has brought others to God as a Father. He has thus made it possible for us to pray both in spirit and in truth; and it is thus that, when we have seen him, we have seen the Father.

To contribute toward this reconciliation of faith in *order* with faith in *love* is the object of this essay.

Since, therefore, we find in Jesus a perfect union of faith in God as Law, and faith in God as Love, and since it is the destiny of his Church, sooner or later, to "come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of a fulness of Christ," and in "all things to grow up into him which is the head," we must anticipate that "the hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." The time must come in which we shall worship God both as Law

and as Love, in which we shall combine, with full conviction of the universal order of things, a sense of the personal nearness of the Father to hear and answer our prayers. Science and Faith shall then walk hand in hand, and the result of this will be a deeper strain of piety and a higher power of prayer than any yet known. For, when all these antagonisms shall have been reconciled, no secret doubt will weaken the energy of supplications, no dread of superstition chill the fervor of filial love. Prayer, made calm by the conviction of its harmony with Law, will flow through the Christian's life as a majestic stream, without haste and without check. We see in Jesus what calmness and equanimity his piety derived from this full harmony of conviction, and so will it also be with his Church. The most fervent prayers of rapt saints and solitary anchorites will be weak and faltering when compared with the unceasing sacrifice of devotion which shall ascend from the Christian Church Universal when it shall celebrate the nuptials of Science and Faith.

It is the object of this treatise to do something to hasten this great consummation.—*James Freeman Clarke, from "The Christian Doctrine of Prayer."*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

NOVEL PUZZLE.

Example: Behead a contest of arms, prefix another letter, and make a time of darkness. Answer, Fight, night.

1. Behead to trouble, prefix another letter, and make worthless.

2. Behead the upper part of an animal, prefix another letter, and make deficiency.

3. Behead the track worn by a wheel, prefix another letter, and make not in.

4. Behead one of the swarthy race of Syria, prefix another letter, and make one of the constellations.

5. Behead to salute, prefix another letter, and make a measure of length.

6. Behead entirely, prefix another letter, and make contrary to happiness.

7. Behead insane, prefix another letter, and make a word meaning a boy.

The beheaded letters, reading downward, will spell the Christian name, and the prefix letters, reading upward, will spell the surname of a celebrated American born in February.

II.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In battle, but not in war.
In you, but not in they.
In year, but not in month.
In near, but not in far.
In air, but not in sky.
In view, but not in scene.
In ice, but not in snow.
In sea, but not in water.
In tea, but not in coffee.
In care, but not in toil.
My whole is a battle fought in February.

III.

SUGGESTIONS.

What famous persons do the following objects suggest?

1. A gray-goose shaft.
2. A glass slipper.
3. A daisy.
4. A plow.
5. A blot of ink on the wall.

IV.

HIDDEN MINERALS.

I didn't hear the flies buzz in cold weather so much.

Come on, then, let's sing "Old Lang Syne."

Ah! Basil very quickly set him right about it, I know.

Keep up heart in every case, say I.

He saw the Emir on his way through the country.

Williams & Co. altered their mode of conducting business last week.

He gave my father ample advice on the question.

I have read that at Upsal there is a University.—*Every Other Sunday.*

Answers to Puzzles in the January number.

I. METAGRAM.—1. Lace. 2. Race. 3. Dace. 4. Face. 5. Mace. 6. Pace.

II. REVERSIBLE WORDS.—1. But, tub. 2. Doom, mood. 3. Emir, rime. 4. Mar, ram. 5. Loop, pool.

III. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Webster, Everett.

IV. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Denmark, China, Norway, Portugal, Canada, France, Poland, Chili, India, England, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Persia, Sweden, Syria.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

There are writers whose books we read and then lay aside, and there are others whose books are lifelong companions and personal friends from whose writings we never desire to part. Such are the books of Edmund Hamilton Sears, one of the most remarkable preachers and writers whom New England has ever produced. Mr. Sears's hymns are known all over the world, but his books perhaps are not quite so universally read as they ought to be. A man's home may sometimes be in a certain Christian fellowship, and yet he belongs really to the whole Church of Christ.

I myself own several copies of all Mr. Sears's books, so that I may have them near me when at my summer home as well as in winter, and lend them to others as well as read them myself.

The little book on "Regeneration" was one of the first to influence my religious life as a young girl. "Foregleams of Immortality" is a unique and wonderful production. On that especial subject I have never read any book that could take its place. The third one is "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ." The late Professor Andrew P. Peabody was in the habit of reading this once every year. There is also one volume of sermons which is worthy to be the companion to the other books.

This is the centennial year of Mr. Sears, and it would be a good time for those who are not familiar with his books to give themselves the happiness of reading them.

We have printed Mr. Sears's hymns and sermons now and then in the *Cheerful Letter*, and hope to have something of his in the March number. His writings are peculiarly appropriate to the Resurrection season. In the number for July and August, 1908, we printed a hymn and sermon by Mr. Sears. The hymn is the one on "The Mount of Prayer" and less widely known than the Christmas hymns.

Except in that double number which we print for July and August, we can seldom use the whole of a sermon unless it is a short one. Our paper could be made much more interesting if we could afford to print four more pages every month. Sometimes we are obliged to postpone a long time articles that we should like to print, and sometimes the biographical series runs longer than is desirable because we have so little space for it.

It will be hard to limit the selections from Sears, which we should like to print next month, to the space that we can afford to give them. But perhaps those who read them may be led to read the books. L. F. C.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MINISTERS.

The second sin is *unmanliness*, which afflicts many ministers, and for which this excuse can be made, that it is fostered by their circumstances. It is dangerous for any man, however strong and modest he may be, to lay down the law twice every Sunday to audiences who have no right of reply, to be treated with special respect by the majority of people in consequence of his office, to preside frequently over committees whose members are inclined to fall in with his ideas, to be surrounded by women whose piety is apt to make too much of him for his work's sake. Unless he be watchful over himself, and go into the world and meet with men holding other views from his, and have faithful friends to criticise and brace him, he will become intolerant of opposition, autocratic in his tone, furious if resisted, petted if beaten,—a peevish child. If a man has been a woman's minister, one dare not differ from him on the weather.—*Ian MacLaren (Rev. John Watson)*.

The smallest kindness to the humblest creature belongs to the great economy that we call Providence. Then and there the laws of moral cause and effect begin to act, so that, some way or other, full recompense for that small deed is sure.—*A Cup of Cold Water.*

We can never know the whole of a friend's blessing until he has died,—has added his goodness to the unseen side of things. We speak of circles "broken" by death, but a circle is really incomplete until some of the friends sit in it out of sight.—*"I had a Friend."*

Face the fate, without sentimentalizing about it. Say, rather, this thing is to cripple me always, everywhere; it is my life's condition,—part of *my* universe. Say this, and instantly it begins to grow easier to bear.—*The Thorn-bearer.*

It is a great deal easier to do that which God gives us to do, no matter how hard it is, than to face the responsibility of not doing it. We have abundant assurance that we shall receive all the strength we need to perform any duty God allots to us. *J. R. Miller.*

Do not dull life's interests by always asking, "What's the use?"

Test your friendship by what you give rather than by what you get.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

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Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, February 4, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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